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**COMICS**



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5  
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AT THE HANDS OF  
**OMEGA  
RED**



Cyclops. Wolverine. Psylocke. Rogue. Beast. Gambit. Mutants all, children of the atom who have banded together to defend their kind from prejudice and persecution. United, they form one half of a team dedicated to bringing all humanity together in peace. Stan Lee presents. . .The X-MEN.

JIM LEE  
PLOT & PENCILS  
JOHN BYRNE  
SCRIPT  
SCOTT WILLIAMS  
ART THIBERT  
BOB WIACEK  
JOE RUBINSTEIN  
INKS  
TOM & LOIS  
LETTERING  
JOE ROSAS  
COLORING  
BOB HARRAS  
EDITING  
TOM DeFALCO  
CHIEFING

BENEATH THE STAID  
FACADE OF A  
MANSION IN UPTOWN  
NEW YORK...

...LIES A MASS OF  
STATE-OF-THE-ART  
TECHNOLOGY  
KNOWN AS THE  
WAR ROOM.

IT IS SILENT  
NOW.  
PEACEFUL.

PERIMETER ALERT  
CEREBRO SCAN

UNIDENTIFIED MUTANT  
SIGNATURE DETECTED

QUADRANT K724

BUT  
NOT  
FOR  
LONG.

THE ALARM SPLITS  
THE DARK SILENCE...

...A BANSHEE WAIL  
THAT ECHOES IN THE  
EMPTY CHAMBER.

QUADRANT  
K-724

THE MUTANT-  
SENSING COMPUTER  
CALLED CEREBRO  
HAS PERFORMED  
THE FUNCTION  
FOR WHICH IT  
WAS DESIGNED.

A MANIFESTATION  
OF MUTANT  
POWER HAS BEEN  
DETECTED AND  
TRIANGULATED.

2.5 x ZOOM

ITS MECHANICAL  
PATIENCE BEING  
BOTH INFINITE AND  
INEXHAUSTIBLE...

UNIDENTIFIED  
MUTANT

... CEREBRO  
CONTINUES TO  
MONITOR THE  
NEW MUTANT...

... TO TRACK  
ITS POWER  
CURVE...

... FURTHER  
PINPOINT ITS  
LOCATION...

SIGNATURE IDENTIFIED  
WOLVERINE  
BEAST  
JUBILEE

ROGUE  
GAMBIT

... AND FLASH  
THE ALERT...

# BLOWBACK



...UNTIL, AT LAST, THERE IS SOMEONE TO ACKNOWLEDGE IT.

THE MUTANT KNOWN AS FORGE.

CEREBRO!

GO TO VOICE ACTIVATION.

REPORT STATUS.

MUTANT LOCATED VECTOR NINE NINE SEVEN, BEARING SIX TWO ONE.

SPECIFICATIONS ON SCREEN.

Hmm... I'M STILL NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS BABY'S INTER-ACTIVE VOICE SIMULATOR. TOO COLD, TOO EMOTIONLESS.

A NEW MEGABYTE HERE, A CHIP THERE... OUGHT TO IMPROVE THE HUMAN TONAL QUALITY OF THE VOICE.

GOTTA GET TO IT... WHEN I FIND THE TIME.

FORGE!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'VE WE GOT?

SOMETHING VERY BIG, AND VERY CLOSE, CYCLOPS.

LOOKS LIKE AN UNIDENTIFIED MUTANT-- AND LESS THAN FIVE MILES FROM THE MANSION.

WHAT?

HOW COULD IT HAVE GOTTEN SO CLOSE WITHOUT CEREBRO DETECTING IT?

UNLESS...

SCOTT!! WHAT IS HAPPENING? THE ALARMS...!

YES! I WAS DOING LAPS IN THE POOL...

... AND THAT BLOODY KLAXON ALMOST SHOT ME RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER!

CEREBRO'S DETECTED A MUTANT PRESENCE-- AND SO NEAR TO THE MANSION, HE OR SHE MUST HAVE BEEN CLOAKED.

SORRY, NO TIME FOR LEVITY, PSYLOCKE.

CLOAKED? YOU SUSPECT AN ATTACK?

IT'S BETTER THAN A SUSPICION!

CYCLOPS... I'M PICKING UP A PSYCHIC DISTRESS SIGNAL.

IT'S GOT TO BE HANK, ROGUE, GAMBIT AND THE OTHERS.

ACCORDING TO THE READOUT ON CEREBRO'S MAIN SCREEN...

...THIS MANIFESTATION IS RIGHT ON THE ROAD THEY TOOK TO GET TO TOWN! \*

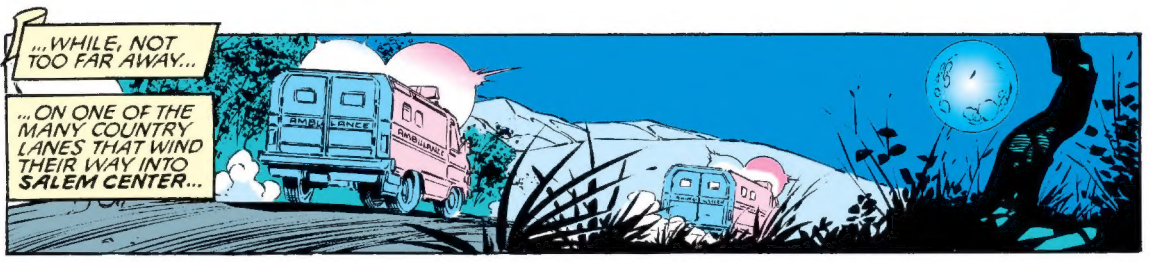
C'MON, X-MEN...

...TO THE BLACKBIRD! DOUBLE TIME!

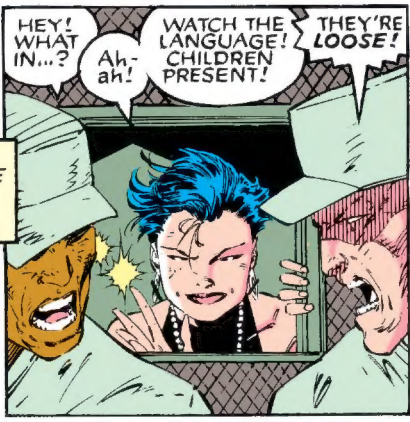
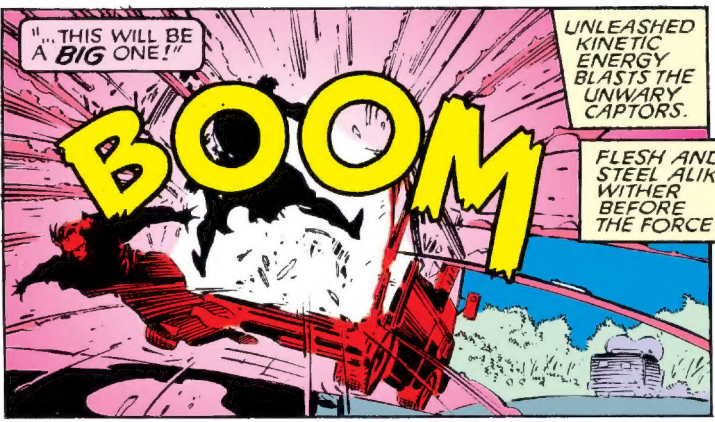
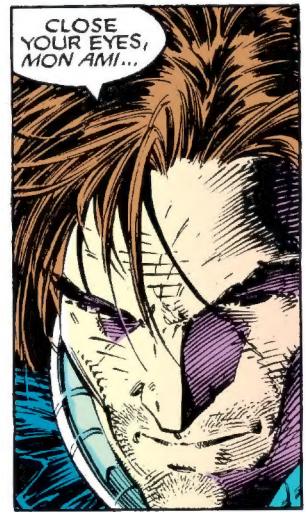
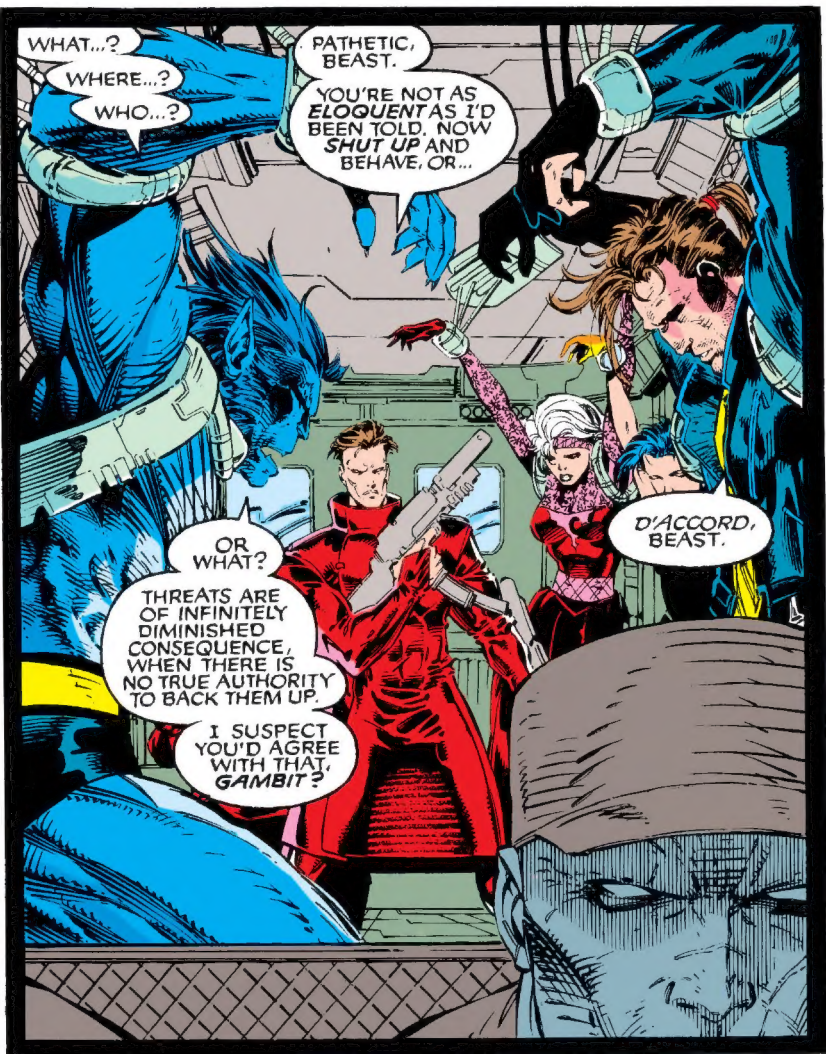
SONIC DAMPERS MUTE THE THUNDER OF JET ENGINES...

... AS THE UNIQUE CRAFT HURLS ITSELF INTO THE NIGHT SKY OVER WESTCHESTER COUNTY...

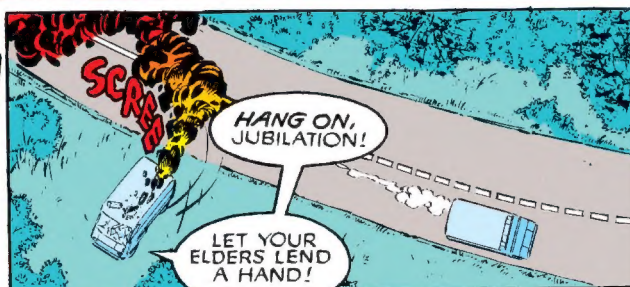
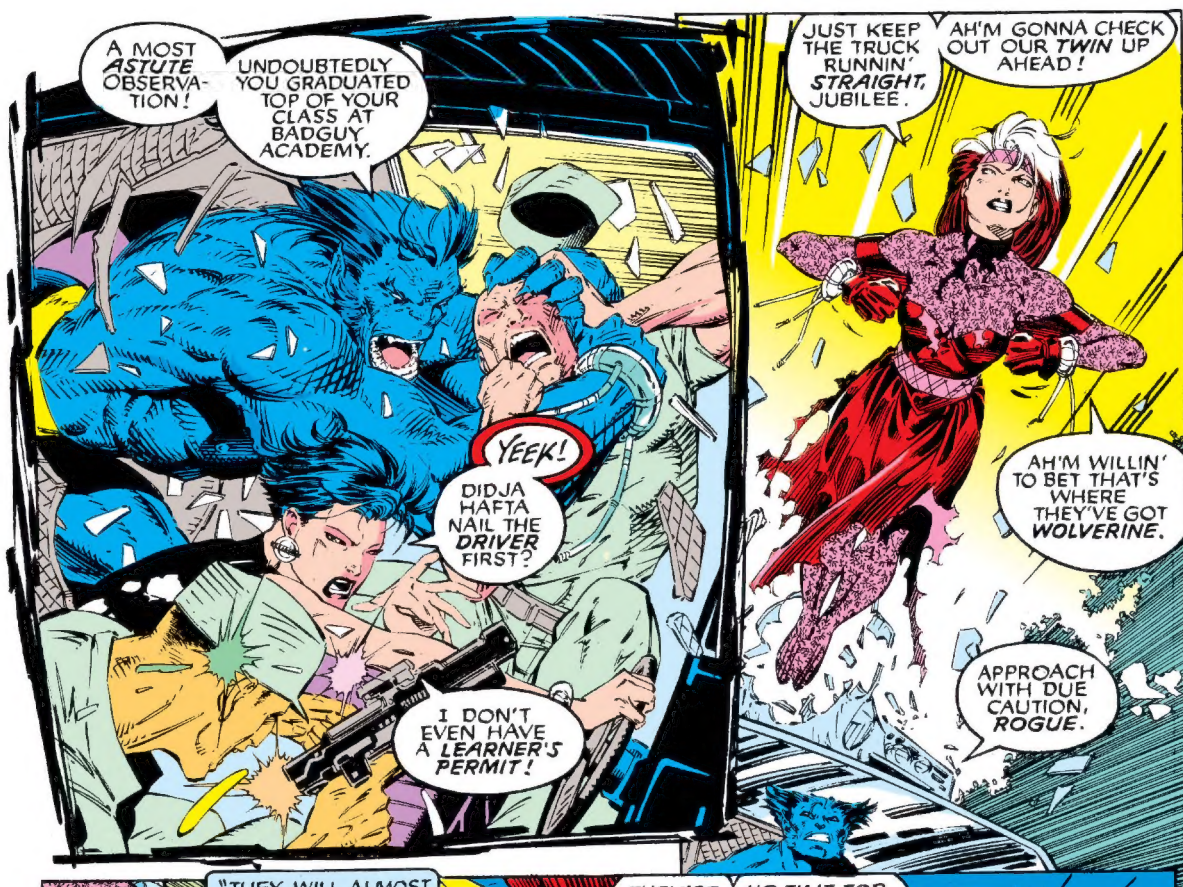




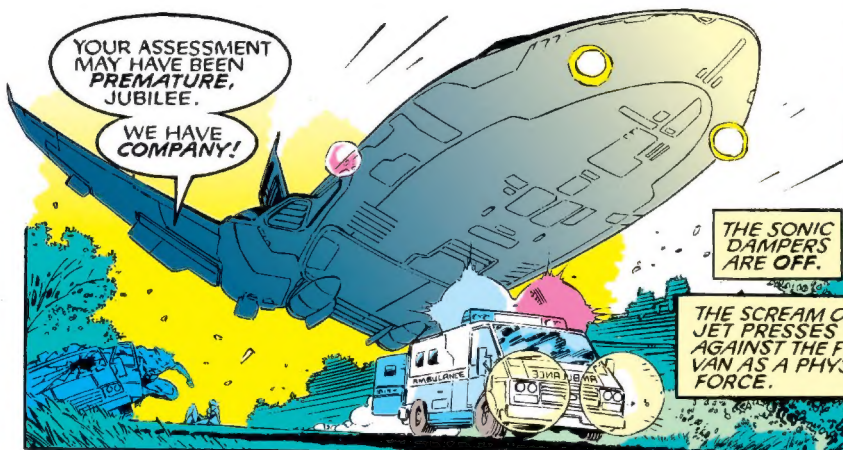
...ON ONE OF THE MANY COUNTRY LANES THAT WIND THEIR WAY INTO SALEM CENTER...











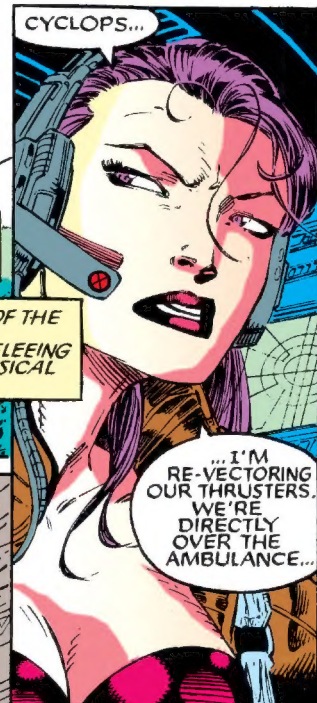
YOUR ASSESSMENT  
MAY HAVE BEEN  
**PREMATURE,**  
JUBILEE.

WE HAVE  
COMPANY!

THE SONIC  
DAMPERS  
ARE OFF.

THE SCREAM OF THE  
JET PRESSES  
AGAINST THE FLEEING  
VAN AS A PHYSICAL  
FORCE.

CYCLOPS...



...I'M  
RE-VECTORIZING  
OUR THRUSTERS.  
WE'RE  
DIRECTLY  
OVER THE  
AMBULANCE...

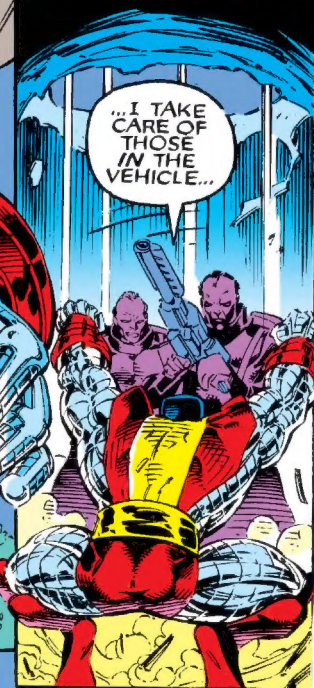


"...TIME TO DROP IN ON  
OUR LITTLE FRIENDS."

MOONLIGHT  
GLINTS, SILVER  
BRIGHT ON  
A HURLING  
FIGURE.

YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO DO,  
COLOSSUS?

OF  
COURSE,  
SCOTT...



...I TAKE  
CARE OF  
THOSE  
IN THE  
VEHICLE...

"...WHILE YOU DEAL  
WITH THE DRIVER,  
IN YOUR OWN  
DISTINCTIVE STYLE!"

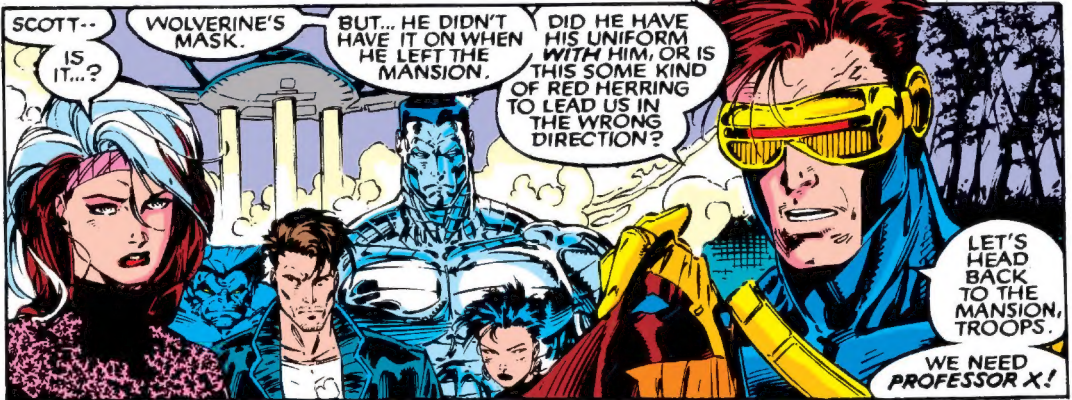
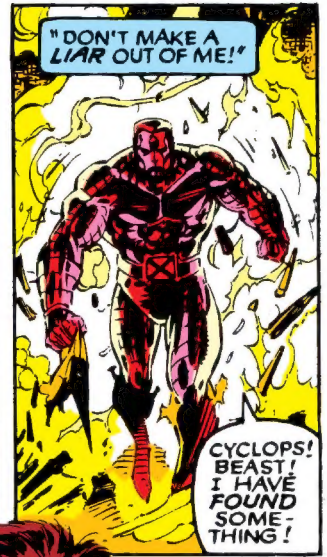
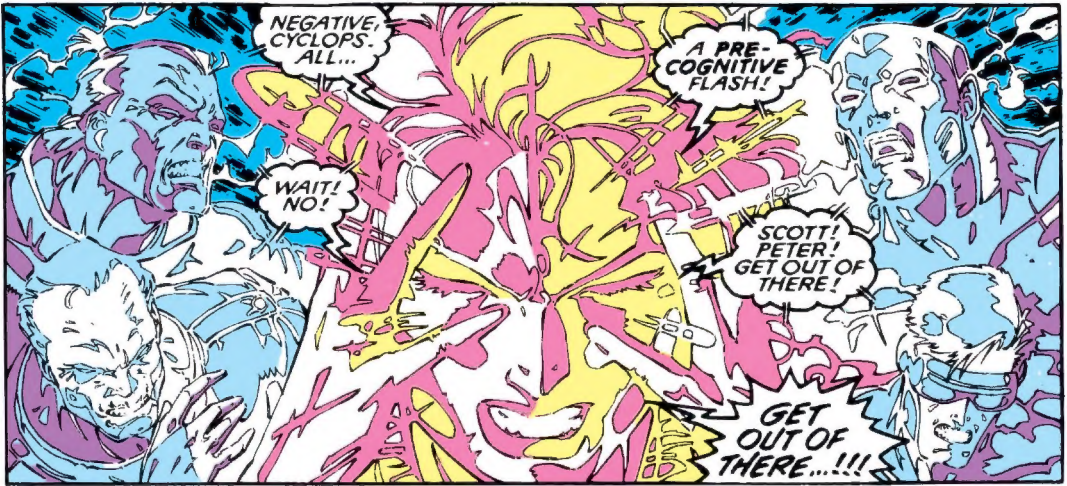


**ZWAK**

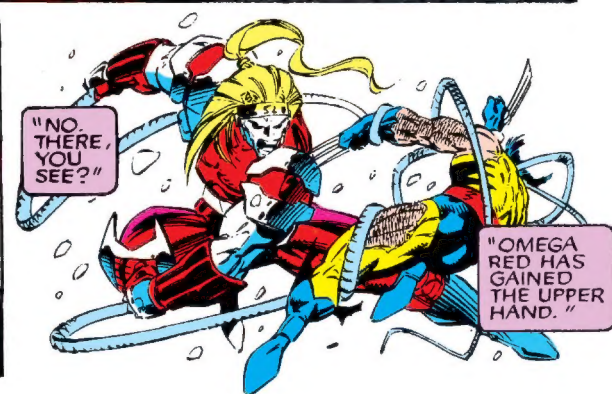
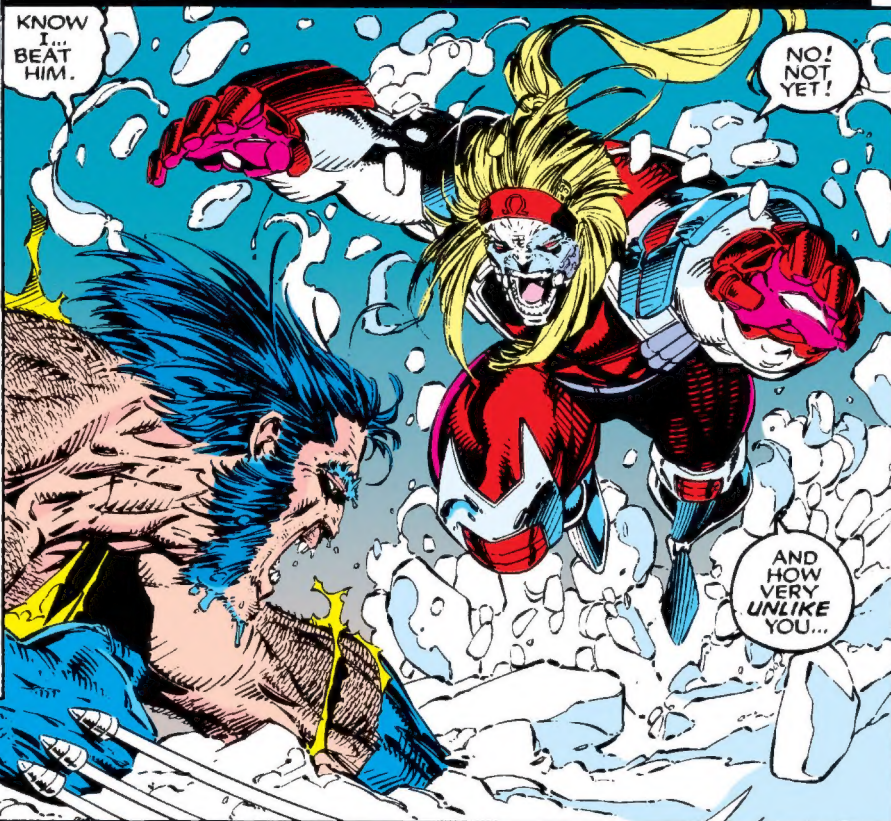
PSYLOCKE!  
I COUNT  
THREE IN  
THE TRUCK.

DO YOU  
SCAN  
ANY  
MORE?

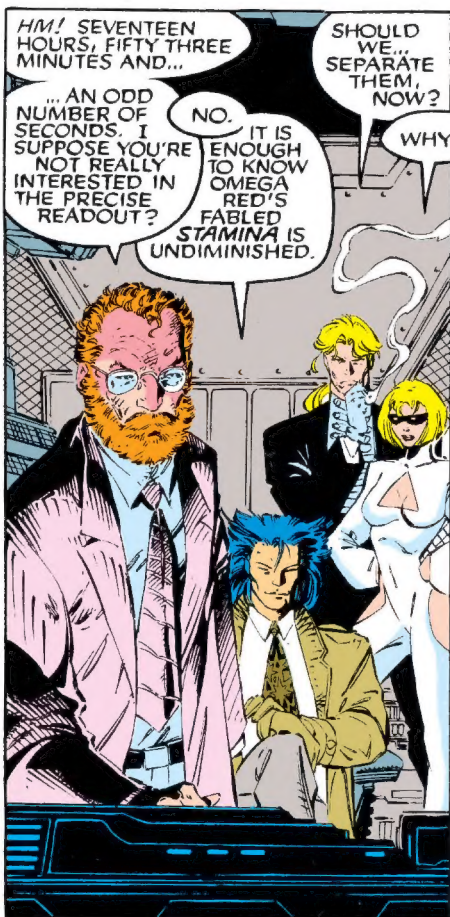












HM! SEVENTEEN HOURS, FIFTY THREE MINUTES AND...

... AN ODD NUMBER OF SECONDS. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT REALLY INTERESTED IN THE PRECISE READOUT?

NO. IT IS ENOUGH TO KNOW OMEGA RED'S FABLED STAMINA IS UNDIMINISHED.

SHOULD WE... SEPARATE THEM, NOW?

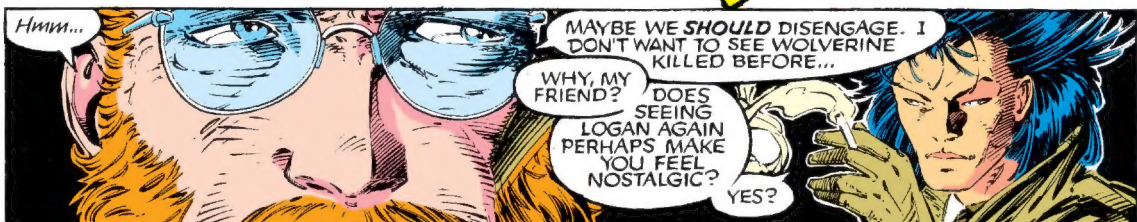
WHY?

"I WOULD SAY HERR OMEGA HAS EARNED A LITTLE... FUN.

"LET HIM FINISH THE EXERCISE IN HIS OWN FASHION."



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



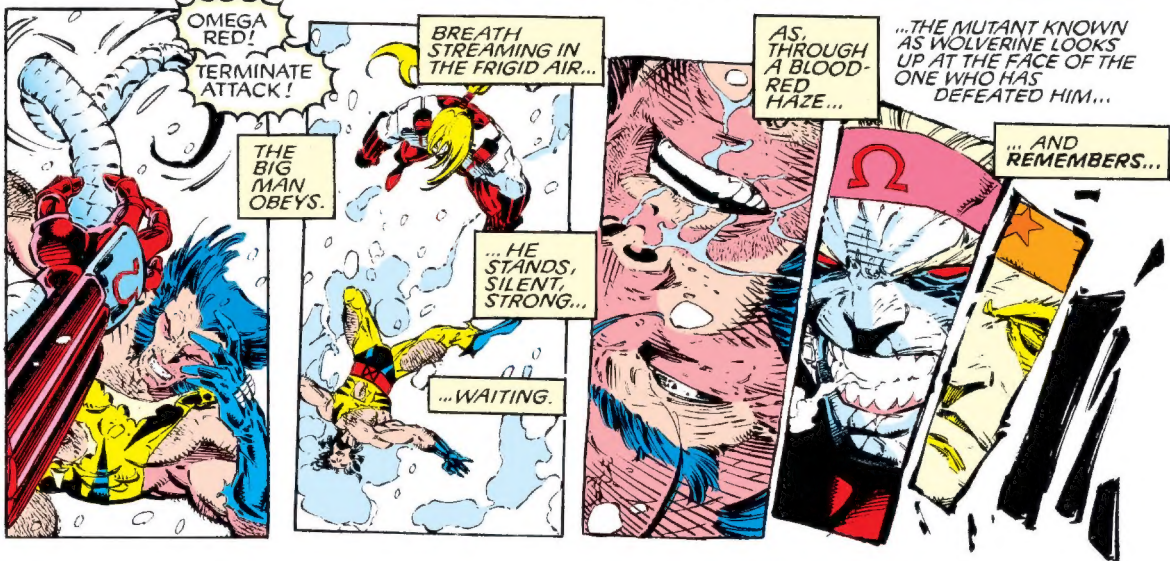
Hmm...

MAYBE WE *SHOULD* DISENGAGE. I DON'T WANT TO SEE WOLVERINE KILLED BEFORE...

WHY, MY FRIEND?

DOES SEEING LOGAN AGAIN PERHAPS MAKE YOU FEEL NOSTALGIC?

YES?



OMEGA RED! TERMINATE ATTACK!

BREATH STREAMING IN THE FRIGID AIR...

THE BIG MAN OBEYS.

... HE STANDS, SILENT, STRONG...

... WAITING.

AS, THROUGH A BLOOD-RED HAZE...

... THE MUTANT KNOWN AS WOLVERINE LOOKS UP AT THE FACE OF THE ONE WHO HAS DEFEATED HIM...

... AND REMEMBERS...





A PATCHWORK  
PAST.  
PIECES.  
UNCONNECTED.

HEY!  
YOU  
STILL  
WITH US,  
SHORTY?



YEAH.  
DON'T  
WORRY  
ABOUT  
ME.

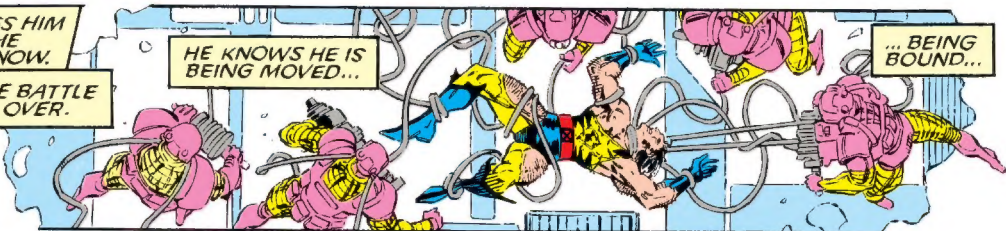
EASY FOR YOU  
TO SAY.  
WE DON'T  
WANT YOU  
ZONING OUT  
ON US AT A  
CRITICAL  
MOMENT.

LET'S  
MOVE  
IT.  
I  
WON'T.



BERLIN.  
AND WAS IT...  
...THIRTY  
YEARS  
AGO?

PAIN BRINGS HIM  
BACK TO THE  
HERE AND NOW.  
THE BATTLE  
IS OVER.



HE KNOWS HE IS  
BEING MOVED...

... BEING  
BOUND...



... AND HE KNOWS,  
EVEN IN HIS WAN-  
DERING DELIRIUM...  
... THAT HE HAS  
BEEN HERE  
BEFORE...

THERE...



... THAT  
SHOULD  
RENDER  
HIM  
HARM-  
LESS.

DO NOT BE TOO  
CERTAIN OF  
THAT, DOCTOR.  
WOLVERINE  
IS A  
DANGEROUS  
FOE.



WE WILL SEE OUR-  
SELVES UNDONE,  
IF WE UNDER-  
ESTIMATE HIM.

CONFIRM  
TARGET.  
THEY HAVE  
LOGAN,  
MAJOR.

OBS-LINK  
ONE TO  
CENTRAL.

NO  
SIGN OF  
CREED.

STAY  
WITH  
THEM.

UPDATE  
ME AGAIN  
IN SIXTY  
MINUTES.



"CENTRAL  
OUT."

DO WE  
REALLY  
HAVE TIME  
FOR THESE  
GAMES?

URGENCY  
IS THE  
BYWORD  
OF THE DAY,  
DOCTOR.

AS YOU SAY,  
FRAULEIN  
STRUCKER.

BUT AS  
MATSUO-SAN  
HAS POINTED  
OUT...

...WE CANNOT  
AFFORD TO  
UNDERESTIMATE  
OUR OPPONENT.  
AND WITHOUT A  
FULL SPECTRUM  
OF TESTS...

...HOW  
CAN WE  
HELP  
BUT DO  
EXACTLY  
THAT?

BESIDES, THE  
CARBONADIUM  
SYNTHESIZER--  
THE PRIZE YOU  
SEEK WITH SUCH  
URGENCY--

--IS NOT  
SOMETHING  
WHICH WILL  
REVEAL ITSELF  
WITHOUT A  
CONSIDERABLE  
DEGREE OF  
COAXING.

A PATCHWORK  
PRESENT.

PIECES OF  
SOUND,  
SIGHT.

NOTHING  
THAT WILL  
FIT INTO A  
COMPRE-  
HENSIBLE  
WHOLE.

NOTHING  
BUT THE NEED  
TO ESCAPE.

WE SEEK  
A PRIZE  
GREATER THAN  
YOU COULD  
GUESS, HERR  
DOCTOR.

IMMORTALITY--  
FOR OURSELVES,  
AND A NEW  
REICH!

DON'T  
LECTURE US  
ON MATTERS  
ABOUT WHICH  
WE ARE AL-  
READY FULLY  
INFORMED,  
CORNELIUS.

THE CARBON-  
ADIUM  
SYNTHESIZER  
HAS BEEN  
LOST FOR  
NEARLY THREE  
DECADES.

IS THERE  
ANY WONDER  
WE FEEL  
PRESSED  
FOR TIME?

SO YOU  
SEE,  
DOCTOR...

"...IF WE ARE TO  
WIN OUT AMONG  
THE UPSTARTS."

YES... WELL,  
THE  
SUBJECT  
SHOULD BE  
READY...

"...FOR ANOTHER  
INDUCED  
MEMORY  
INVERSION..."

"...IN ROUGHLY  
TWO HUNDRED  
AND THIRTY  
MINUTES."

"PRESUMABLY  
YOU CAN ALL  
WAIT THAT LONG,  
AT LEAST?"

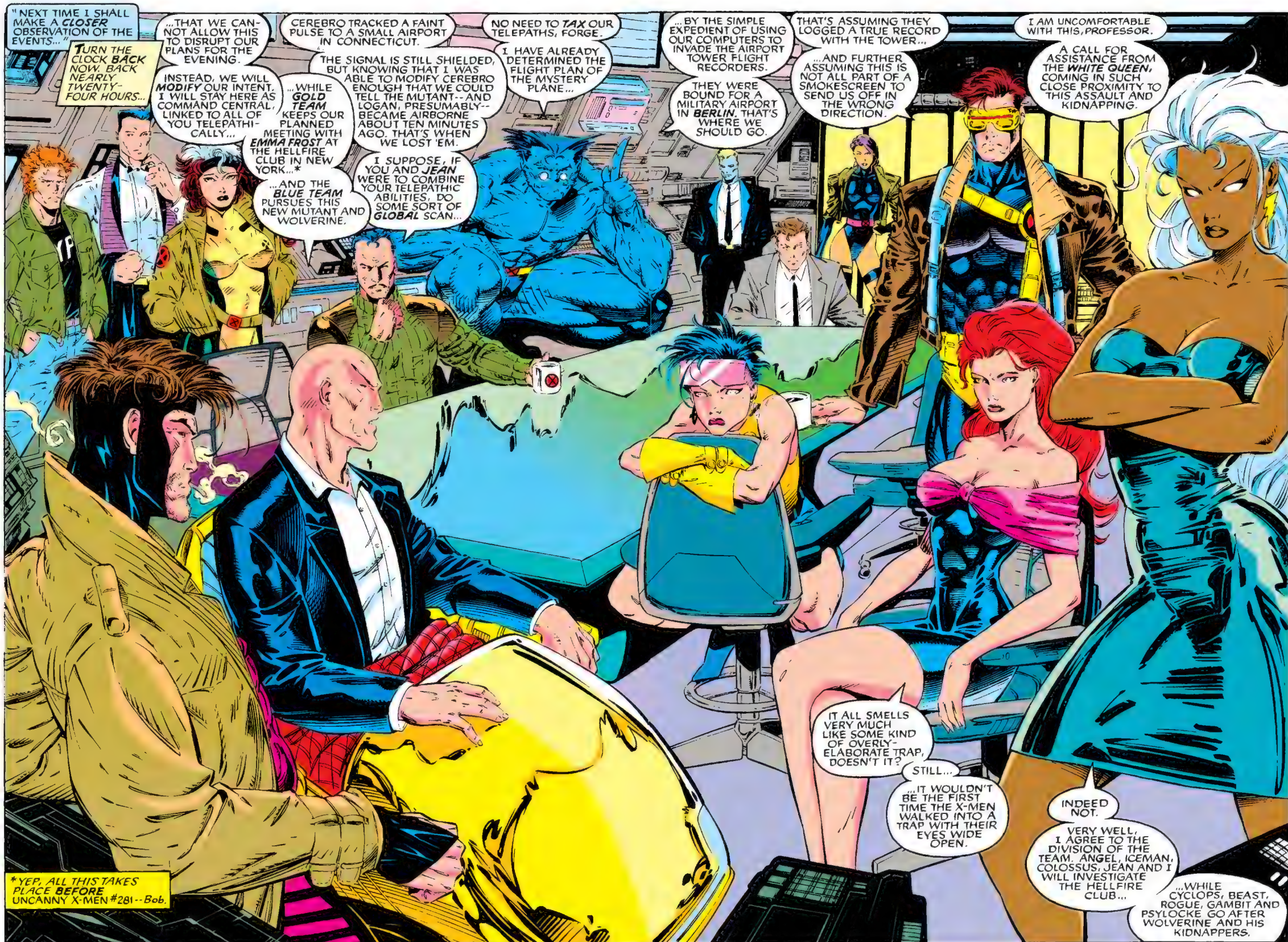
IF WE  
MUST, DOCTOR.

BUT NEXT  
TIME, THE  
GAUNTLET  
WILL BE...

... DIFFERENT.

WE NEED THE  
INFORMATION  
THIS MAN HAS  
IN HIS HEAD...





"NEXT TIME I SHALL MAKE A CLOSER OBSERVATION OF THE EVENTS..."

TURN THE CLOCK BACK NOW, BACK NEARLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

...THAT WE CAN NOT ALLOW THIS TO DISRUPT OUR PLANS FOR THE EVENING.

INSTEAD, WE WILL MODIFY OUR INTENT. I WILL STAY HERE AS COMMAND CENTRAL, LINKED TO ALL OF YOU TELEPATHICALLY...

CEREBRO TRACKED A FAINT PULSE TO A SMALL AIRPORT IN CONNECTICUT.

THE SIGNAL IS STILL SHIELDED, BUT KNOWING THAT I WAS ABLE TO MODIFY CEREBRO ENOUGH THAT WE COULD TELL THE MUTANT-- AND LOGAN, PRESUMABLY-- BECAME AIRBORNE ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO. THAT'S WHEN WE LOST 'EM.

I SUPPOSE, IF YOU AND JEAN WERE TO COMBINE YOUR TELEPATHIC ABILITIES, DO SOME SORT OF GLOBAL SCAN...

NO NEED TO TAX OUR TELEPATHS, FORGE.

I HAVE ALREADY DETERMINED THE FLIGHT PLAN OF THE MYSTERY PLANE...

...BY THE SIMPLE EXPEDIENT OF USING OUR COMPUTERS TO INVADE THE AIRPORT TOWER FLIGHT RECORDERS.

THEY WERE BOUND FOR A MILITARY AIRPORT IN BERLIN. THAT'S WHERE WE SHOULD GO.

THAT'S ASSUMING THEY LOGGED A TRUE RECORD WITH THE TOWER...

...AND FURTHER ASSUMING THIS IS NOT ALL PART OF A SMOKESCREEN TO SEND US OFF IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

I AM UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THIS, PROFESSOR.

A CALL FOR ASSISTANCE FROM THE WHITE QUEEN, COMING IN SUCH CLOSE PROXIMITY TO THIS ASSAULT AND KIDNAPPING.

IT ALL SMELLS VERY MUCH LIKE SOME KIND OF OVERLY-ELABORATE TRAP, DOESN'T IT?

STILL...

...IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME THE X-MEN WALKED INTO A TRAP WITH THEIR EYES WIDE OPEN.

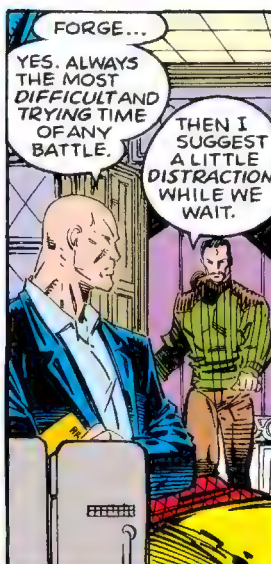
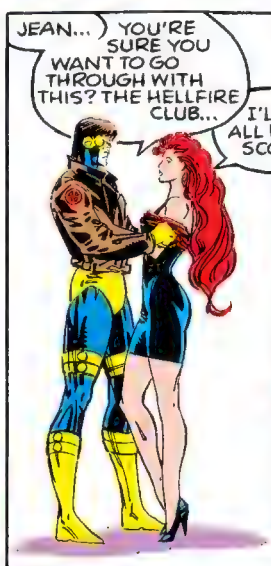
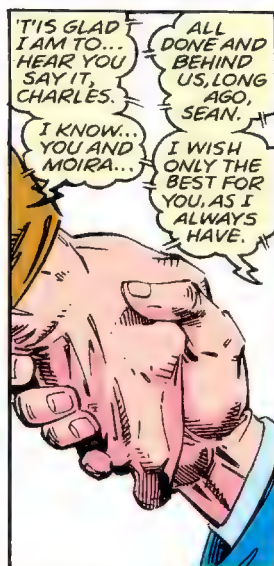
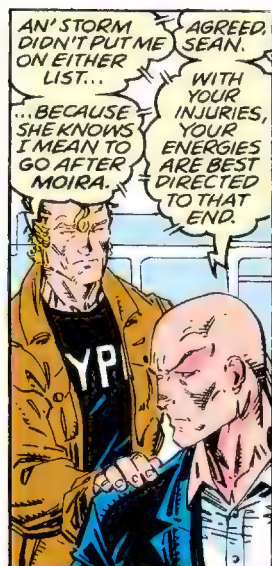
INDEED NOT.

VERY WELL, I AGREE TO THE DIVISION OF THE TEAM: ANGEL, ICEMAN, COLOSSUS, JEAN AND I WILL INVESTIGATE THE HELLFIRE CLUB...

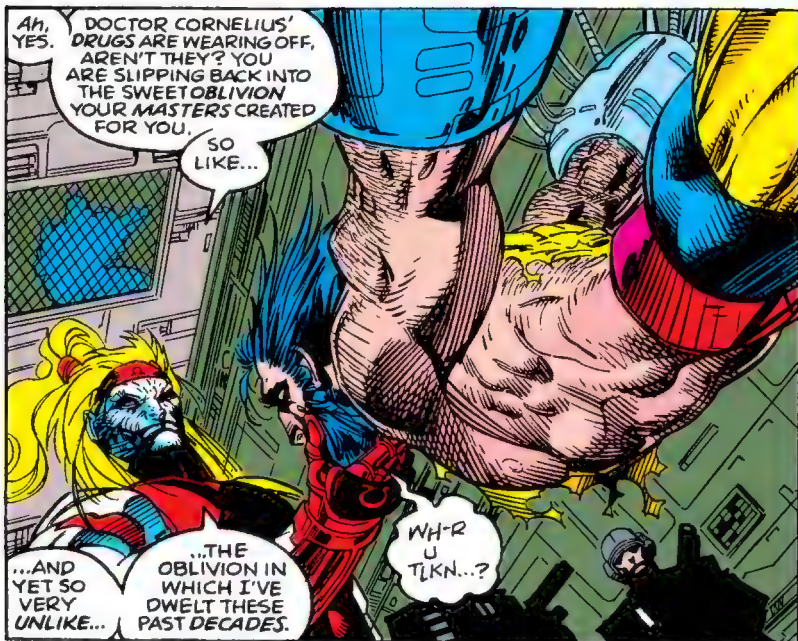
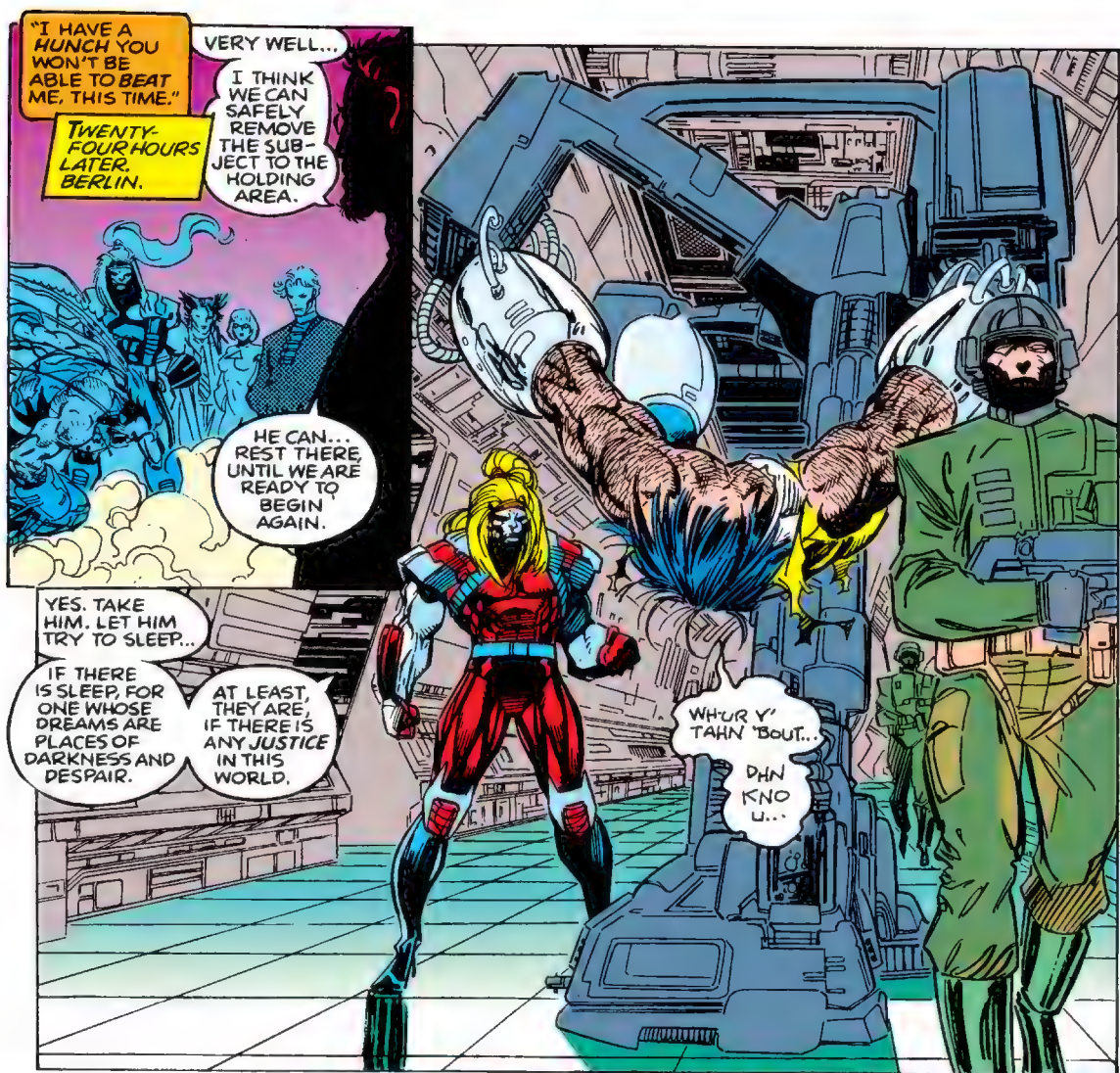
...WHILE CYCLOPS, BEAST, ROGUE, GAMBIT AND PSYLOCKE GO AFTER WOLVERINE AND HIS KIDNAPPERS.

\*YEP, ALL THIS TAKES PLACE BEFORE UNCANNY X-MEN #281--Bob.

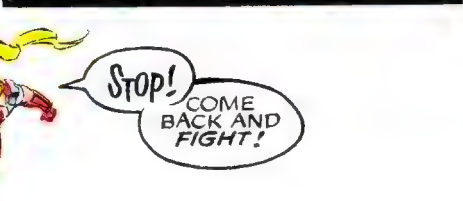
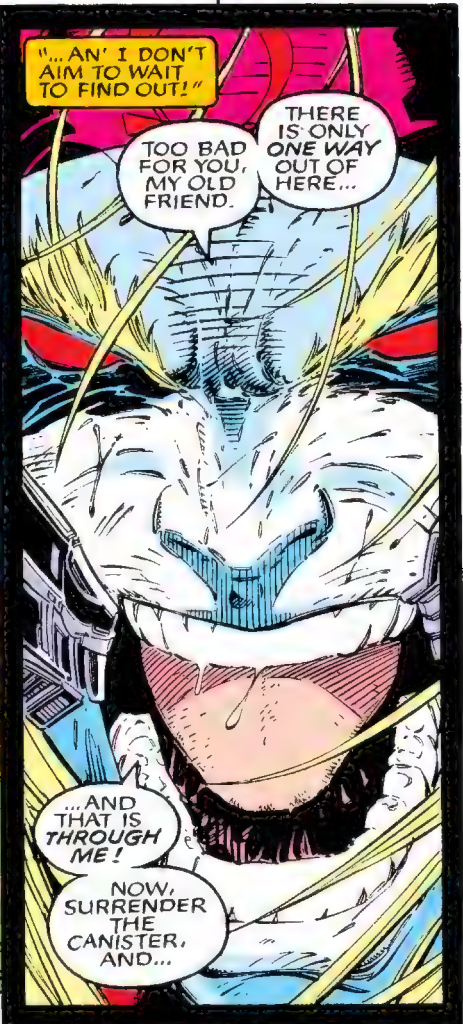
















SAVE YOUR BREATH...

...I DON'T WASTE MY TIME FIGHTIN' WHEN I DON'T KNOW THE GAME...

...AN' MAYBE ALL FOUR OF US'LL GET OUTTA HERE ALIVE.

SAVE THE JAWBONIN', LOGAN!

...NOW KEEP YER HEAD DOWN, LADY...

GET THE DAME TO THE...

DEAD END!

LOOKS LIKE WE WENT THE WRONG WAY, GUYS.

WE DON'T GET OUT THROUGH HERE!

HE'S RIGHT!

WE'RE TEN STORIES UP! NO WAY WE CAN JUMP! KEEP UP THE COVERING FIRE!

THERE HAS TO BE SOME WAY...

SHREK

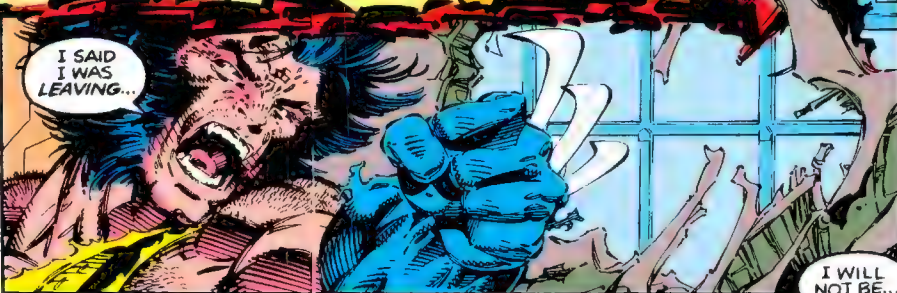


SO WE BEGIN AGAIN, WOLVERINE.

THIS TIME WITHOUT THE DRUGS. WITHOUT THE WATCHFUL EYES.

THIS TIME THE VICTORY WILL BE TRULY MINE!

WRONG AGAIN, RED.



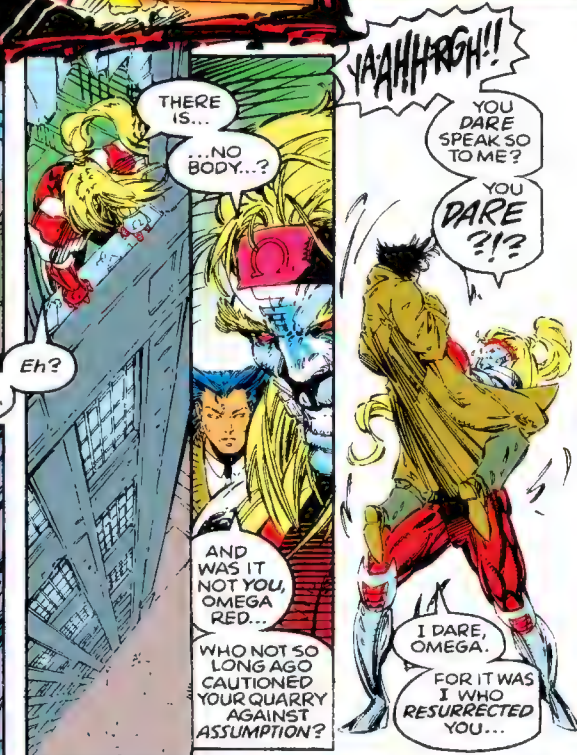
I SAID I WAS LEAVING...

I WILL NOT BE...



...AND I AM!

NO-OHHH!!



THERE IS...  
...NO BODY...?

YOU DARE SPEAK SO TO ME?

YOU DARE ?!?

Eh?

AND WAS IT NOT YOU, OMEGA RED...

WHO NOT SO LONG AGO CAUTIONED YOUR QUARRY AGAINST ASSUMPTION?

I DARE, OMEGA.

FOR IT WAS I WHO RESURRECTED YOU...

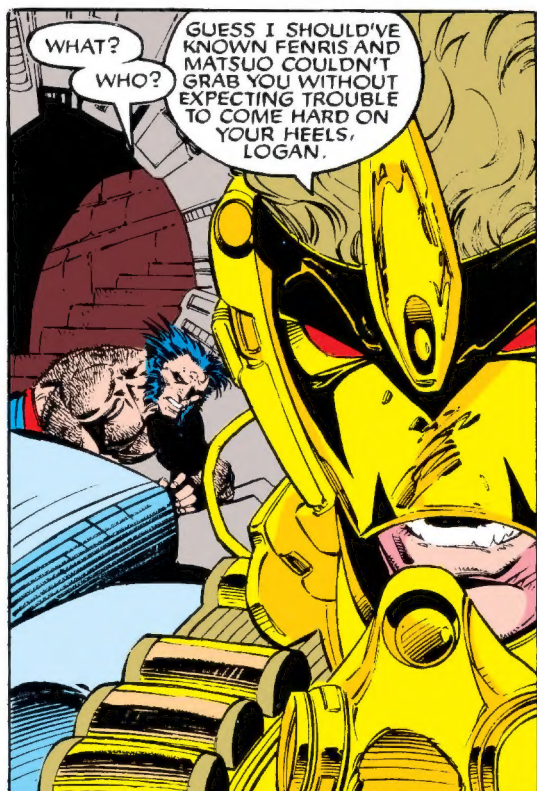


AND IT IS I...  
...WHO SHALL RECAPTURE WOLVERINE...









WHAT?

WHO?

GUESS I SHOULD'VE KNOWN FENRIS AND MATSUO COULDN'T GRAB YOU WITHOUT EXPECTING TROUBLE TO COME HARD ON YOUR HEELS, LOGAN.



"LOOKS LIKE YOUR X-BUDDIES HAVE COME CALLING."

"ONE ASSAULT SQUAD? CAN'T BE. THOSE ARE THE JUNIOR LEAGUE. NOT SKILLED ENOUGH FOR A HIT LIKE THIS, UNLESS THEY CAME WITHOUT..."



"NO, THERE'S THE BIG KIDS."

"BUT THEY'VE GOT THAT WALKING LIGHTSHOW WITH 'EM. PROBABLY THINK THEY CAN BEST KEEP HER FROM GETTING KILLED..."

"...BY KEEPING HER CLOSE AT HAND."

TOO BAD FOR THEM. WE'RE OUT OF HERE, LOGAN.

AND THEY'RE DEAD.

LOGAN?

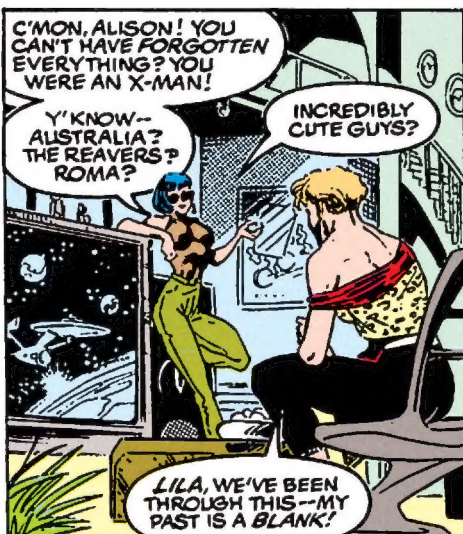


LOGAN ??





MALIBU,  
CALIFORNIA.



C'MON, ALISON! YOU  
CAN'T HAVE FORGOTTEN  
EVERYTHING? YOU  
WERE AN X-MAN!

Y'KNOW--  
AUSTRALIA?  
THE REAVERS?  
ROMA?

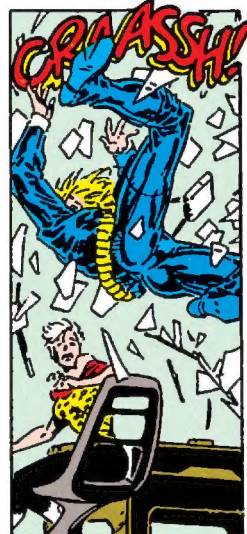
INCREDIBLY  
CUTE GUYS?

LILA, WE'VE BEEN  
THROUGH THIS--MY  
PAST IS A BLANK!

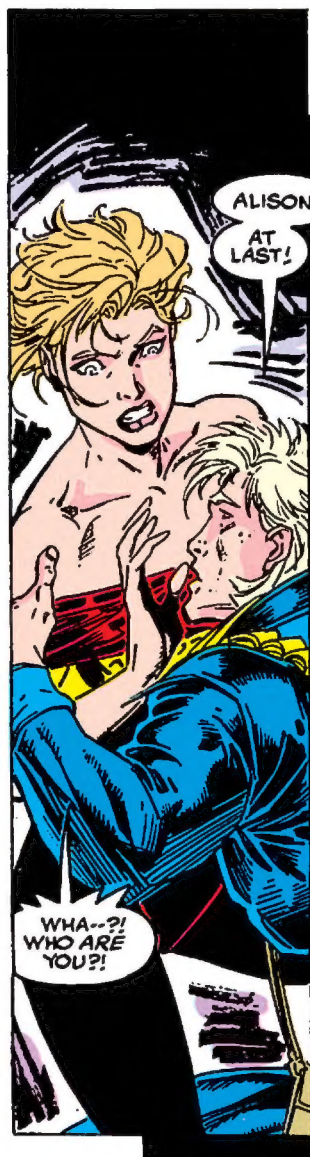


YOU THINK I'D AT  
LEAST REMEMBER  
THE CUTE GUYS.

BUT IT LOOKS  
LIKE, AS FAR AS  
MY MEMORY  
GOES, I'M OUTTA  
LUCK.



CRASH!



ALISON!  
AT  
LAST!

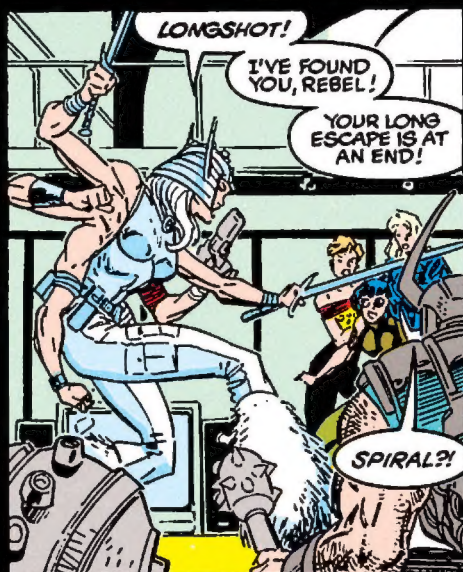
WHA--?!  
WHO ARE  
YOU?!



WE DON'T  
HAVE MUCH  
TIME,  
M'LOVE.

YOU  
CAN'T HAVE  
FORGOTTEN  
THIS.

MURKLE



LONGSHOT!

I'VE FOUND  
YOU, REBEL!

YOUR LONG  
ESCAPE IS AT  
AN END!

SPIRAL?!



HOO BOY-- YOU  
X-MEN SURE DON'T  
BELIEVE IN DULL  
MOMENTS, DO  
YOU?

WE'RE OUTTA  
HERE!

A  
TELEPORTER!  
IS THERE  
ALWAYS A  
TELEPORTER?



IT DOESN'T  
MATTER. YOU  
HAVEN'T  
ESCAPED.

POOR LONGSHOT.  
HAVEN'T YOU YET  
REALIZED MOJO  
ALWAYS GETS  
HIS WAY...?

TO BE CONTINUED





MINUTEMEN

Bluntman